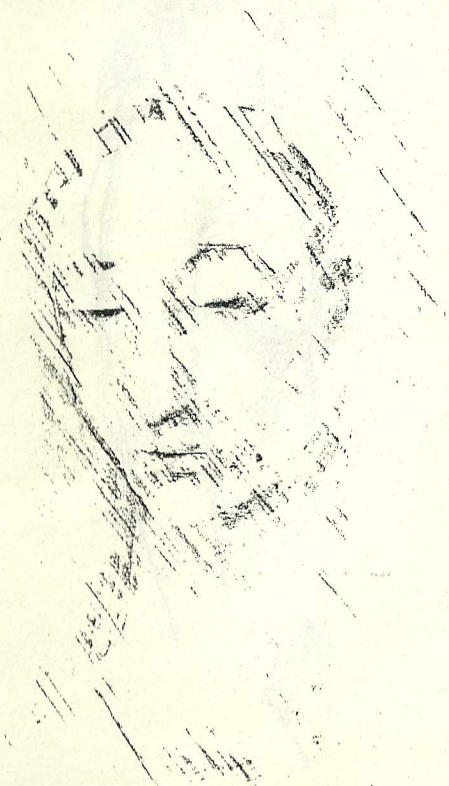


KEVIN M. HIBSHMAN



NIGHTS WITH
ABRAXAS



Illustrations by Wm P. Marshall

I

Dip your finger
Disturb my bloom
Fresh from the divine
Silently fragrant and
Filling the room

Give color to image
Spirit to form
Knowledge - most highly expressed
 through flesh.
Time, my flower
Let the heart beat
Deep breaths (Tantric)
Relax

Pulse...
The universe ends as it expands.
In a flash,
Distant, perhaps,
Wave - forms and reverberations
Send it sailing
Blissful wind

Indoctrinated,
Unable to remain idle,
Gather storms in your arms,
Exhaling perfume of delight

When you are pure-
The soul may speak
There is but one poetry:
Spin the Lily!

II

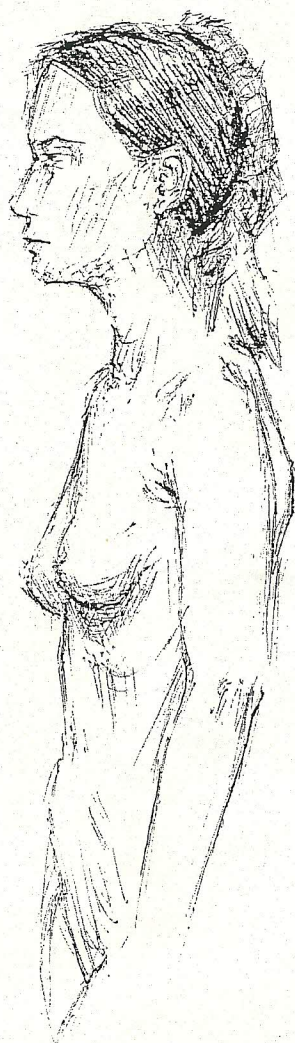
This callous enterprise
Ancient Alchemy
The endless dread
Debt of belonging
Fever dreamscape
Paradise of paradox
Unwelcome ideal
A verbose picnic of crippled souls
Remember injury
Remembered innocence
I saw the statues kiss
I love you in your sweet insolence
Your currency of blood and honey
Never forget to hold up the sun

I will come, reduce you to atoms and
Judging every one of them,
Determine the sum of your worth

Our mother plucking flesh from a
garden of miracles
Rotating loom, she weaves
She plants her offspring in moist dirt
near the swift river coursing
over rocks

We aim to scale her supple form
Sky in her hair, she smiles canyon-wide

Father, I found you deep in a forest
during a season frolic
Health gleaming through your sun -
streaked beard



III

So much cream in my bones
The creatures danced and sucked
Greedy from my open veins
Joy, wholly carnivorous – yet warm,
Pumped sweet nectar onto mangled fur
Music rang out: porous and apollonian

The web of light
Vision – concave
Logic and bright pain beckons to rebirth
within the sublime experience of days
We shelter her always
We dive into obsidian pools to surface
Upon the moon – her thigh

Ah! That look of surprise becomes you

I lie back – tonguing the mantra
Holding the earth with cupped hands
I view her – bruised and sore
Blowing love from my breath onto her,
She begins to shimmer – glowing violet
As I release her back into space

I treasure your beauty
I pray you explore it in countless ways
I pray you remain inflamed with the
passion and pain I gave you

I pray you continue spinning the globe
I flicker for you between the worlds

IV

Dip your Finger
Dowse your wand
Never regret
Nothing is lost
Conjure Heaven
Continue flirtation with knowledge
Balance the elements
Persuade nature
Live in bliss as you were meant to do
Sow and reap
Blend and rend musical harmony
Sing! Sing! Sing!

You will find family anywhere you seek
You will find gold that
 transcends currency
You will learn to dream complete
You will know what sharing means

A great wave shall sweep
 the entire earth
She will shudder and moan
She will cast off all who do not
 respect her
Death - mongers shall taste demise

A new consciousness shall redeem the
 future
Poets will no longer be ignored
Man will emerge transformed and regal
Incapable of destruction-
All religion scorned

Move in love my blessed ones
I move through you. We are one.

Kevin M. Hibshman has been active in the small press world since 1990. In addition to editing the poetry 'zine: FEARLESS, his poems, reviews and collages have appeared in numerous small magazines both in the U.S. and Europe. Scintillating Publications published Hibshman's latest Chapbook, Poems To Go in 2003.

Write FEARLESS

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So much I love to see
The Christmas tree
Gaily lit with lights
Joy with its branches
Pumpkins and
Music and

The winter
Vision of
I love to see
Within the
The children
We live
Upon the
All that

I love to see
Hobbes
I view
blowing
She begins
As I

I pray
I pray
I pray
I pray
I pray
I pray

